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"God grants liberty only to those who love it, and are ready to guard and defend it."—Daniel Webster

Nevada City Nugget

COVERS RICHEST GOLD AREA IN CALIFORNIA

This paper gives you complete coverage of all local happenings. If you want to read about your friends, your neighbors, and your town, read The Nugget.

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Thinking Out Loud

By H. M. L.

Delinquent children are almost always universally offspring of delinquent parents, though there are rare exceptions. Unless we can devise new legal means to correct parental delinquency, we shall have constantly increasing numbers of children gone estray. Sheriff Carl J. Tobiassen in his long experience finds that it is generally the parents who are guilty, not the children.

Last week a young mother pleaded guilty of cruelty to her two-year old infant, whom she left alone in the house at night. Think of the terror this child might endure to wake up in the night and find no mother's voice or hand to still her fears. Think of the hazard of fire that might, and often does, snuffed out the lives of little children, while their parents were away at night.

We hesitate to advocate any new burden in the way of taxes, but do believe it is more important from a social point of view to take care of children than of old persons. We are spending enormous sums, greater in fact in some counties than the cost of schools, on pensions for old persons. But it is always the children, the future citizens, who are most important to the nation. The old persons who receive pensions have spent their lives. The children have their lives still to spend. Whether they become serviceable citizens bearing their share of the common load and rendering useful services to their fellow men, or a social burden, depends upon their upbringing.

In a limited degree, the law now provides that children, whose parents neglect them, can be taken from them and placed in homes where they can grow and develope into good citizenship. But it is a difficult procedure. We believe it should be done promptly, when a parent first shows symptoms of delinquency, and not after a long delay, until the children themselves have become perverted to such an extent that they are lost to all hope of reform.

We are quite well aware that such a process would call for spending more of the tax payers' money, bue we believe in the long run it would save the tax money. How much easier and simpler to find homes, or to provide homes for young children whose parents have repudiated them to all practical purposes, than to provide reform schools and prisons, after the child has become a social outcast, with nothing left on which to build good citizenship.

There are various devices which sometimes work in reforming delinquent parents. In the case mentioned above the woman was placed on probation and her child given to the custody of its father, from whom the mother was separated. But when parents separate without securing a divorce, it often happens that a child or children are consigned to the parent least likely to provide a good home.

If the family unit is to be preserved as the institution upon which our civilization rests, it may become necessary to exercise increasing supervision and regulation. For instance, if parents part casually, without seeking a divorce, courts cannot intervene in behalf of the children's welfare, yet there are occasions when such intervention is necessary for their proper care.

Negligent parents are often the most prolific. Large families are begotten with the careless abandon of the animal world. There should be a method of restraining those who spawn without the slightest thought of the future, or intention of caring for their offspring. We feel that the state's law makers should grapple with this problem. If a parent has proved that he or she is not fitted to be a parent why should he or she be permitted to continue to propagate, leaving his or her offspring to become public charges?

POST WAR PLANS HEARING SET FOR SEPT. 8

The State Chamber of Commerce has notified H. F. Sofge, secretary of the Nevada City Chamber of Commerce, that the sub-committee of the Senate Committee of Post War Construction, under the chairmanship of State Senator Jesse Mayo, will hold a public hearing in the Nevada County Court House here to discuss public projects that this community and the county expect to undertake during the period immediately following the end of the war.

It was also requested that private undertakings or projects be listed and submitted at the hearing along with those planned by communities and the county.

FIREMEN TO TAKE TRAINING COURSE

Thomas H. Ward, special instructor in the use of fire apparatus and salvage operations, has accepted the invitation of Fire Chief Vernon F. Sandow to give members of the fire department here specialized instruction next week.

The course in fire training is offered by the Bureau of Trade and the State Department of Education in cooperation with the State Advisory Committee for Fire Training, the California Fire Chiefs Conference, and the California State Firemens Association. Ward last gave this course in Nevada City in 1941. Meanwhile Ward loaned to the federal government for the war emergency but has lately returned to his post with the State Department of Education.

The instruction will be given for five evenings beginning this Monday evening in the city hall at the fire department headquarters.

SOUTH SEAS HAS SHIP FOR USO ENTERTAINMENT

The first floating recreation club for American merchant seamen shortly will be placed in service in the Southwest Pacific under joint operation of the War Shipping Administration of the United Seamen's Service, member agency of the National War Fund.

Announcement of the unique plan to convert a ship into a recreation center was made by Vernon Stoll, chairman of the Nevada County War Chest. The vessel is a former German steamer captured by the British and the first ship to be acquired by the United States under reverse lend-lease.

The ship will cruise among island ports, providing a change from the monotony of sea duty for merchant sailors.

Six United Seamen's Service clubs in the United Kingdom will be prepared to assist merchant marine survivors and accomodate convalescents, the chairman disclosed following receipt of information from United Seamen's headquarters in New York. American and British army medical facilities will be available to United Nations seamen who are wounded during the landing of troops and supplies.

In addition to providing care for convalescents, the seamen's organization will offer lodgings, meals and welfare services to members of the merchant fleet who participate in the invasion.

United Seamen's Service is one of the 22 war related agencies included in the local united fund-raising organization.

Mr. and Mrs. B. C. Goldsmith returned Tuesday from a three months stay in the Klamath River country, where Goldsmith cruised timber for the Long Bell Lumber Company at Weed. They stopped for a time at Horse Creek and at Etna.

SCOUTS FIGHT FOREST FIRE

Last Monday afternoon, scouts and leaders encamped at Pahatsi near Soda Springs, prevented what might have caused a major disaster in the Soda Springs area. Due to the splendid leadership and alertness of the scouts and scouters in attendance, the fire was blocked and kept from spreading. The site of the burning was one thousand yards off the camp property bordering the Southern Pacific Transcontinental Railroad. The two junior leaders discovered the fire and an instant thereafter, the entire camp was assembled for action and fire fighting, followed the presence of Southern Pacific and U. S. fosetry service fire fighting equipment. Praise for the work that the scouts and their leaders had done in being prepared was given by the fortsery service. Reports from the camp Monday night showed that there had been no injuries and that all scouts did their job without receiving any burns or disablement. A night guard consisting of junior staff members and preranger training scouts patroled the area on 2 hour shifts during the remainder of Monday night and Tuesday morning. relieving forestry department personnel from this responsibility.

HOUSER ATTACKS BUREAUCRACY

Lt. Gov. Fred F. Houser has just opened his campaign for United States senator with a vigorous attack on Washington bureaucracy.

Swinging through California's mountain counties, Candidate Houser addressed mine, lumber and the farm voters with a declaration that a "fearless congress must destroy the Washington bureaucracy if the torch of liberty is to be kept burning in these United States."

On several occasions, notably in Bridgeport, Mono County, Sonora, Placerville, Chico and Marysville. Houser was introduced to his auditors as "Houser the man who knows how."

The candidate voiced a militant plea for the welfare of the farmer in a Marysville meeting, saying:

"In the drafting of pacts and the treaties for the post war era, Washington must not be permitted to forget the farmers of California, as has been done so often in the past."

Too often the laws enacted in congress, added Houser, ignore the important production of the state's fruit field, dairy and other crops. Sympathetic legislation, he continued, will enable the farmers of California to enjoy a larger degree of prosperity and happiness. As a farm owner and operator, Houser pointed out, he konws the farmer's problems.

Houser also pledged his auditors to do his utmost for the resumption of mining, "an industry that has contributed so importantly to the welfare and prosperity of California."

ARMY NEEDS WAC MEDICAL AIDS

Captain Alexander J. Zuehlke, Sacramento Sub Station Commander of the Women's Army Corps, has announced the surgeon generals office alone needs 22,000 women to assist in caring for thousands of wounded servicemen returning from the four fronts on which our boys are fighting.

The Medical Corps has openings for trained women as laboratory X-ray, medical and surgical technicians; dental laboratory technicians, chair assistants, and hygienists. Women are needed for work in occupational therapy; in the educational reconditioning program; as psychiatric social workers and assistants; lip reading and hearing aids technicians; also in many other capacities.

Untrained qualified women who have a genuine interest and desire to enter into the Medical Corps will be given training in a technicians school for the following courses: dental, medical laboratory, X-ray, medical and surgical technicians.

For further information, contact the local WAC recruiting office in Sacramento, Room 222 Federal Bldg.

BUS FRANCHISE HEARING TO RESUME TUESDAY

Examiner Leo C. Paul of the California Railroad Commission will resume the hearing adjourned last month in regard a Nevada City-Grass Valley and Camp Beale-Marysville bus line franchise on Tuesday, August 29th, in the chamber of commerce rooms in Grass Valley.

The present plan is for a one day hearing in Grass Valley followed by two days in Marysville. The contenders for the franchise are the Nevada County Narrow Gauge Railroad Company, the Gibson Lines and Hatton Brothers, who at present operate a stage line from Marysville to Grass Valley and Nevada City. In addition, arguments are to be made by Beverly Gibson in support of his application to buy out the bus franchise of Frank Bayes and Floyd Hudson under which Hatton Brothers are now reportedly operating.

Two Boys In Stolen Car Have Wild Ride

Charles Robert Mertes, 15, and Wilson Euclid Tume, 14, the two youngsters apprehended late Thursday evening after a wild chase at high speeds in a stolen car through Grass Valley and Nevada City, spent some time in the Grass Valley jail awaiting transfer to the custody of Bureau A, of the motor vehicle department, which deals with car thefts.

The boys careering through Grass Valley along South Auburn Street turned into Main Street on two wheels, sped out Highway 20 to Nevada City eluded a road block placed there by Nevada City police, and finally capitulated with raised hands in a lot on Boulder street in Nevada City. The arrests were made by William Sproul and Floyd Cartwright, Grass Valley policemen who had followed hotly on their trail, after the boys had defied their attempts to them in Grass Valley. The car, stolen in Courtland, Sacramento County, it developed had sprung an axle and the boys, finally had to abandon it.

Miss Catherine O'Connor Of Birchville Succumbs

Funeral services were held Friday morning in St. Canice Catholic Church for the late Miss Katherine O'Connor of Birchville, Nevada County, who passed away at her home there Wednesday afternoon. A rosary service took place Thursday evening in the chapel of Holmes Funeral Home. Interment was in the Catholic Cemetery in Grass Valley.

Miss O'Connor, aged 82, and a native of Birchville, graduated as a nurse and spent many years as a nurse in the Mercy Hospital in Sacramento. On retirement she returned to her girlhood home in Birchville. She was the daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. John O'Connor, who came to California in 1859 via the Isthmus of Panama, and settled in Birchville.

Surviving brothers and sisters are: Mrs. Sarah Crawford, Keota, Iowa, Miss Lucy A. O'Connor, Sacramento; Arthur T. O'Connor, French Corral, Miss Teresa O'Connor, French Corral; Mrs. Margaret E. Madden, and Raymond C. O'Connor, Sacramento.

Mrs. Irene Ramm Pleads Guilty To Cruelty To Child

Mrs. Irene Ramm pleaded guilty to a charge cruelty to her two year old daughter in Justice of the Peace Charles A. Morehouse court in Grass Valley, during the absence of Justice of Peace George Gildersleeve of Nevada City, and was given a suspended sentence of 60 days. She was released from custody on probation and the child was placed in the care of her father Herman Ramm of Camptonville, Yuba County.

The charge against Mrs. Ramm was reduced from that of contributing to the delinquency of a minor, to one of cruelty. The complaint was signed by Chief of Police James Allen of Nevada City, who alleged that she left her little daughter alone in her home on Spring Street until late hours at night.

Mr. and Mrs. Jack Griffith of Goodyears Bar spent Friday in this city attending to business affairs. He is in the employ of the maintenance division of the state highway.

NEEDY AGED NOW GET MORE CASH THAN SCHOOLS

By RALPH H. TAYLOR

California's needy aged, during the fiscal year, 1943-44 received $88,646,372 in old age pension benefits.

There were 157,605 persons on the old age pension rolls during that fiscal period—and they received more, per person, than any elder citizens anywhere else in the nation.

They received nearly ten million dollars more than the total grant of state aid, during the same period, to California's public schools.

That is how well California takes care of its needy aged—and that statement of the case needs to be kept in mind at this time, when a measure is pending on the general election ballot to provide an old age pension of $60 a month for every person who quits work at 60 years of age.

The California Taxpayers Association correctly states the case when it declares:

"Under the present generous provisions of California law, providing for aid to the needy aged, the statistics indicate that apparently all those older people who are in need are being cared for.

"People should consider the present generous care of needy aged people in California in weighing the many unsound schemes for old age pensions being advocated today.

"The burden of a flat pension as a right, of the size commonly urged ($60 at 60) could not be borne by the people of the state, along with all the other costs of regular and necessary government, veterans rehabilitation, and the payments for the war which the people must make for many years to come."

That is a practical, dollars and cents statement of the case against Proposition 11 on the November ballot, the so-called $60 at 60 old age pension act.

No matter how generously California citizens may be inclined, California simply can't afford the $60 at 60 proposal. Other vital phases of government will inevitably pay the penalty if this extreme proposal becomes law.

To farmers, however, Proposition 11— the $60 at 60 pension plan— is exceedingly dangerous from a wholly different standpoint.

This proposition would repeal the state sales tax, but in its stead it would set up a gross income tax, or transactions tax, which would be a tax on every turnover of every commodity and every dollar.

The load that would place on California's farming industry cannot even be estimated, for farm products turn over many times between producer and the ultimate consumer—and every transaction, under this scheme, would be taxed on a 3 per cent gross basis.

The present sales tax, instead of being repealed would be multiplied several times over, so far as agriculture is concerned—and the same would apply to any commodity which changes hands several times between production and consumption.

The $60 at 60 pension, furthermore, would be paid in addition to any other pension, annuity or other compensation a beneficiary might receive from any other organization, private or public.

The California farming industry is not against adequate old age pensions; many farmers, in their latter years, benefit by such old age pensions. But the farming industry is against any old age pension program which would defeat its own purpose, as this does, by jeopardizing the ability of gainfully employed citizens to support themselves during their productive years.

The Agricultural Council of California, representing the state's major farm cooperatives, with 70,000 farmer members, is opposed to Proposition 11, not because it provides for a bigger old age pension, but because it would make it impossible for profitably employed citizens to pay such a pension.

To be practical, a pension must be economically feasible. And that this proposition is not. Every farmer, regardless of age, should be against this unsound and visionary proposal.

CAMP PAHATSI SEASON CLOSES

Camp Pahatsi, Tahoe Area Scout Camp, closed yesterday after having been in session for two full weeks with over 100 different scouts and scouters having been in attendance according to Robert H. Frank, scout executive who has served again as camp director. Baseball games between camp troops A and B, and winner playing the staff, horseshoe tournaments, swimming, boating, canoeing, excellent campfire program, movies, hikes, nature instruction, scout advancement, tribe of Pahatsi ceremonials, pre-ranger training, and court of honor topped off by fine, well balanced meals have constituted the two weeks session this year in the high Sierras. Practically every scout in attendance will have advanced one rank or earned one or more merit badges.

Victory Ship Given Test Trip Of 26,000 Miles

Voyage reports from the first Victory ship to complete a lengthy trial show conclusively that this new class of fast war time cargo vessels built with an eye for post war commercial commerce will live up to and surpass highest expectations, according to the American Merchant Marine Institute.

The Poland Victory recently completed a 26,000 mile odyssey. She was the first Victory ship to pass through the Panama Canal and first to reach the Atlantic seaboard.

Lt. Gen. Robert L. Eichelberger in command of U. S. troops in the New Guinea sector, boarded the vessel with his staff when she reached Hollandia. He made a thorough inspection and was high in his praise for the vessel's design and accomplishments. The Poland Victory took 3 1-2 months for her voyage which was equivalent to encircling the globe.

Captain Leonard Duks, the Poland Victory's master, echoed General Eichelberger's praise for the new ship. Captain Duks, of San Francisco is a veteran of 38 years at sea having sailed on every type of vessel including square riggers. Of his new command's performance he said:

"The Poland Victory fulfills every promise that was made for this type of ship even when it was in the blue print state. If ever a ship was suitable for post war cargo carrying operations that is equal to this one which is second to none and equal to the finest. I have yet to hear of one see it.

"This vessel is not only speedy but economical of operation. Even now I can see how satisfying it will be in post war days to be able to guarantee quick delivery of our bill of lading. If this Victory ship is a forerunner of what is to come there never need be any cause for worry about the future of the American Merchant Marine."

To date 520 Victory ships have been contracted for in comparison to the 2680 Liberty ships schedule to be built. In order to have the greater speed and still transport the same cargo tonnage as the older Liberty, the new Victory was given more than twice the horsepower as well as slightly greater beam and length. The Victory ship's increased speed makes for a vessel of much superior quality for both war time service and post war operations.

Captain Duk's praise was seconded by member of the engine room and by the deck officers on the Poland Victory. Although the vessel encountered bad storms and heavy weather in the wake of a hurricane her flared hull knifed through the waves and let only spray come aboard. She pitched considerably they reported, but vibration and rolling were negligible.

The first thirty three Victory ships have been named after the various United Nations. The next hundred bear the names of representative American communities.

TO HEAD REPUBLICAN WOMEN

Mrs. Stuart Chalmers of Grass Valley has been named by Mrs. C. C. Baker, president of the Northern Division of the Republican Women's Council, to be coordinator of Nevada County Republican women's clubs. Nevada City has already organized a club under the leadership of Mrs. H. P. Davis, and Grass Valley, it is reported, will soon organize one.

Nevada City Nugget

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H. M. LEETE - - - - - - Editor and Publisher

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THE WORM IS TURNING

Below is a news item reprinted in full. It indicates the feelings of millions of Democrats, who have had to watch sadly as their party was taken over by the CIO and the Communists:

"Mankato, Minn., July 25 (C. T. P. S.).—John E. Regan, Democratic nominee for governor of Minnesota in 1932 and 1934 an for the United States senate in 1940, announced at his home here today he proposes to aid the Republican campaign this fall by organizing Dewey-Bricker all party committees in every county of the state.

"Regan said last week's Democratic national convention in Chicago, which he attended as a spectator, convinced him the Democratic party is under the control of communists and that its only hope of salvation as a party lies in such a thumping defeat this fall that the present set up will be destroyed.

"My fight in Minnesota is for the purpose of preserving the Democratic party," he said, 'We shall expose Sidney Hillman, Earl Browder, David Niles, and all the other men who have a throttling hold on the Democratic party.'

"He described the party as 'bloated with communists, which it is the duty of every right minded Democrat to remove from control of the party.'

"As long as this communistic group is in the saddle, there will be no Democratic party,' he asserted.

"This means the end of the two party system of government in the United States. In order to preserve the party and the two party system, Democrats must first get rid of the communists.

"Before they can do this and recapture control of their party, however, the gang now running things must be defeated so soundy that the real Democrats can rebuild from the ground up. This is one reason why I intend to give all my energy to the Dewey-Bricker ticket, but another is I beieve Thomas E. Dewey is a true American".—Contributed.

TAXES UP—JOBS DOWN

More public appreciation of the close affinity between taxes and jobs is necessary if the United States is to avoid the plague of unemployment after the war.

Up to now, the country has shown little interest in avoiding taxes that reduce the demand for labor. An example is the absurd situation in which the railroads find themselves today. Under the stress of unprecedented war time traffic, their facilities have suffered great wear and tear. Normal replacement and maintenance have had to be deferred because of shortage of men and materials.

The Interstate Commerce Commission, recognizing this unusual condition, has authorized the railroads to charge to current operating expenses reserved to pay for work which should be done now but which must be postponed until after the war.

Yet under our current tax laws this common sense procedure, insuring the future health of the railroads and future jobs for thousands of men, is impossible. Such reserves are subject to income tax, and with war time tax rates running to 80 per cent, it is necessary to set aside over $5 to allow $1 to be spent for normal replacements and maintenance.

The railroads are not the only sufferers from an unwise tax policy. Many small and large businesses are prevented from retaining the reserves necessary to provide full employment at decent wages, for the people in the post war years. Such tax handicaps should be removed. James J. McGraw, Jr., president of the McGraw-Hill Publishing Company, states the case clearly and effectively in these words:

"A nation whose expenses are as large as those of the United States will be after the war, must be sure that its tax system provides incentives, not penalties, for increasing production and employment."—Contributed.

DRAMA IN THE AD COLUMN

To students of modern history, the classified columns of newspapers are as important in composing the picture of an era as battles, dates or the oratorical profundities of politicians spread so lavishly over the front pages.

Where else but in the classified "help wanted" columns can one measure the startling contrast between the conditions of labor today and its status ten years ago, say, during the depression? Then, the pages were heavily burdened with the pleas for work, spreading column on column the tragic tale of want and worry. Now the columns carry the happier story of good jobs everywhere with high salaries and new incentives competing for the worker's attention.

Where else but in the classified ads can one find a better picture of the housing shortage prevailing in most of California today? A few years ago every community had its quota of vacant houses and unoccupied business buildings. People couldn't afford to rent them, and every community's loss was reflected in its lengthy "for rent" columns. Today, with war workers and new residents cramming the coast, the want ads, paticularly in the metropolitan areas, plead for living quarters.

As perhaps no other medium, the classified columns of newspapers image the daily lives of the people, their comings and goings, thei routine transactions, their economic condition.

Today they show a people readjusting their lives to new requirements, working at unaccustomed tasks, making the best of war time shortages by exchanging among themselves the things needed to ease the burdens of war.

Tomorrow, those same people, newly united with their sons and daughters now in war services, will still be going about the prosaic but inspiring business of living in an era that mirrors its own moods and records its own doings so faithfully, in its classified advertising columns.—Contributed.

"NEARLY DAWN"

In China, the traditional greeting of friends for ages past has been, "Have you had your meal?" The Chinese don't expect an exact reply to the question, just as we don't expect a detailed answer to our friendly salutation, "Hello! How are you?"

But China, living for years in Jap-made darkness, has adopted a new salutation when friends meet, according to press dispatches from Chungking.

Today Chinese in Japanese occupied areas greet each other with the phrase, "Nearly Dawn," It serves to symbolize their faith in the deliverance of their country and in the speedy victory of the United Nations over Japan.

The patient Chinese have endured much at the hands of the Japanese invaders. Lacking weapons, they fought the enemy with bare hands and unquenchable spirit. Throughout the darkest days they have surrendered territory—but never their belief in ultimate victory.

No description of the present status of the war in the Pacific could be more appropriate than the new greeting adopted by the Chinese. It is indeed "Nearly Dawn" for China and conversely "Nearly Sunset" for the once brilliant sun of the brutal Nipponese.—Contributed.

CONGRESS RETURNS

As congressmen returned to Washington after their first vacation in more than a year of hard work, it would seem to be timely to appraise the party strength and to see what the changing political tides may cast up next. A glance at the Congressional Diectory shows the following line up in the House of Representatives:

Democrats—216 members.
Republicans—212 members.
Progressives—2 members.
Farmer-Labor—1 member.
American Labor—1 member.

In the senate, there is the following lineup:

Democrats—58 members.
Republicans—37 members.
Progressives—1 member.

These figures, when compared with those of other recent years, revel the steady march of the Republicans back into power. A year ago, for example, the Republicans had only 206 seats in the house of representatives. Two yers ago, they had less than 120. Four years ago, they had less than 140. In 1936, they had still fewer, and in 1934 the Republicans in the house kidded one another that they could calcus in a telephone booth.

It is freely conceded on Capitol Hill today by many a Democratic observer that the Republicans will surge back into power in the house of representatives and probably win the senate back in November.—Contributed.

Wesley Davis of Sacramento visited his mother, Mrs. Nell Davis in Willow Valley recently. He is making a good recovery from severe injuries he received to his hands several weeks ago when a spray paint machine blew up in them.

Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Beatty and two children of Marysville spent the past week end here visiting her parents, Supervisor and Mrs. C. S. Arbogast. Mr. and Mrs. Beatty have been enjoying a ten day vacation at their summer home at Kingvale near Donner Summit. Mr. and Mrs. Arbogast joined them for a part of the vacation the whole party returning here on Wednesday.

Charles Elliott, of Harris Drug Store, and family have returned from a week's vacation spent at Lake Tahoe.

Mrs. Ida Magonigal returned the latter part of the week from a visit in San Francisco and Burlingame.

Mr. and Mrs. Harold Trewhella of Richmond are enjoying a two week's vacation here visiting his sister, Miss Blanche Trewhella, and meeting many friends and relatives. He is a native of this city.

On Wednesday Sheriff and Mrs. C. J. Tobiassen, Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Tobiassen and daughter, Mrs. Ida Magonigal and Miss Blanche Trewhella attended the funeral of the late Fred Bowman in Marysville. He was a brother in law of the Tobiassens and Mrs. Magonigal.

Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Clark of North Bloomfield were business visitors in Nevada City Friday.

Lawrence Myers of Burlingame arrived in Nevada City Saturday and accompanied his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Myers went to Donner Summit area for a short fishing trip and outing.

Mr. and Mrs. Cecil Horner and son of Sacramento are enjoying a short vacation here with Horner's aunt and uncle, Mr. and Mrs. Leslie Land and expects to return home Tuesday.

E. R. McMath of San Francisco who has been deer hunting in the Mendocino area and visiting relatives in Willows, arrived here Friday night to spend the week end with his wife and her sister, Mrs. Ida Guenther.

Banner Mountain Post, VFW, Ruxiliary held a meeting Thursday evening in the veterans hall. The members decided to hold a public card party Thursday, September 14.

Mr. and Mrs. Elisha Curtis of Truckee spent Sunday in Nevada City visiting his mother, Mrs. C. Muscardini and many friends.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Cherry of Davis were business visitors in this city Sunday. He is the former manager of a local store in Nevada City.

Miss Betty Krough came up from Berkeley Saturday and visited for a time with Miss Fernand Muller returning in the evening to Sacramento for an overnight stay with friends. She was accompanied to this city by Miss Elsie Schreiber who was returning home from a visit in the bay district.

Mr. and Mrs. Tom White spent Friday in Truckee where they called on friends.

Delegates to the conventions of Wyoming Tribe of Red Men and Ponemah Council, degree of Pocahontas, returned home Friday evening after a fine session and pleasant holiday in San Francisco. The meeting was condensed to three days and called a war emergency session. Delegates from Pocahontas Council were, Mrs. Nettie Gildersleeve, Mrs. Blanche Williams, Mrs. Elizabeth Lashbaugh, and Mrs. Lucille Cicogni. Delegates from Wyoming Tribe were George Gildersleeve and George Falmbigl.

Mr. and Mrs. Paul Snyder of Alameda spent the past week end in their home in Nevada City attending to business pertaining to their property and visiting friends.

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WANTED—Riders on 10:30 shift to DeWitt hospital. Phone Mrs. Harlow, 794 J, Grass Valley, 8242tp

FOR SALE—PINE WOOD — Two tier or more delivered in Nevada City or Grass Valley. Jakes Wood Yard, Cartoscelli Place, Grass Valley-Nevada City Highway. 4-13-1moc

WANTED — Coin collections. L. E. Sherow, Box 2, Nevada City. 3mo-8-13p

LOCAL AND LONG DISTANCE moving in standard furniture van. First class staroge facilities. Furniture bought and sold. Hills Flat Reliable Transfer, Grass Valley, Phone 471-W or 39. 3-1tf

EXPERT RADIO REPAIRING — Loud Speaker Systems for Rent. Complete stock of portable and large type radio batteries. ART'S RADIO HOSPITAL — Specialists in Radio ills. 112 South Church Street, Grass Valley. Phone 984. 2-19tf

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THE NUGGET

GOD IS MY CO-PILOT

By Col. Robert L. Scott

W.N.U. RELEASE

FOREWORD

The author, Col. Robert L. Scott Jr., served under my command from July 1, 1942, to January 9, 1943, as commander of my fighter force. The only criticism of his actions as group commander was that he consistently scheduled himself as a pilot on all possible missions. He led all types of combat missions but specialized in the most dangerous, such as long-range flights to strafe from minimum altitude Jap airdromes, motor vehicles, and shipping deep in enemy territory. It was often necessary for me to forbid his participation in combat missions in order to enable him to discharge the many other duties of a group commander.

His story is a record of persistence, determination, and courage from early boyhood. Having determined early in life that he had to fly, he overcame all obstacles in the way to the attainment of his ambition. This story alone should be an inspiration to every American boy. Having become a military pilot, his determined struggle to meet the enemy and his glorious record first, as a "One Man Air Force," and later, as commande. of the American Fighters in China, should be an inspiration to all Americans of all ages.

Colonel Scott's group of fighters always operated against greatly superior numbers of the enemy. Often the odds were five to one against them. Their planes and equipment were usually battered by hard usage and supplies were extremely limited. Both Scott and his handful of pilots had one resource in unlimited quantities—courage. They also possessed initiative and a never-failing desire to destroy the enemy. They wore themselves out doing the work of ten times their number. They demonstrated time and again that American pilots and planes are superior to the Japs. The results which they achieved prove indisputably that the enemy can be destroyed or driven from China if adequate equipment and supplies are made available. The offensive spirit displayed by Scott and his early pilots lives on in the men who replaced them. They impatiently await the weapons needed to drive on into the heart of Japan and to final victory.

C. L. CHENNAULT,
Major General, A. U. S.,
Commanding, 14th Air Force.

AUTHOR'S NOTE

My decision for the title of this book was probably made back there in Kunming one afternoon as the doctor dug those five rivet heads from my back. They had been driven in when a Jap explosive bullet hit the armor plate behind my seat. To keep my mind off the pain the big Cantonese intern of Doctor Manget's kept talking to me. He seemed to find it hard to believe that I flew the little fighter alone — that I dropped the bombs—fired the six machine guns — changed the fuel tanks — navigated and landed the fighter. Finally, with disbelief in his eyes, he looked at me and said, "Colonel, you are up there all alone —even talk over the radio when you shoot the guns?" As I waited for him to go on with another question, I heard the old doctor say, "No, son—you're not up there alone—not with all the things you come through. You have the greatest co-pilot in the world even if there is just room for one in that fighter ship—no, you're not alone."

I believe when this war is over that we will be closer to God than at any time in the past. I believe this because I have seen instances of real faith on all fronts. Take for instance: Just the other day a song came out, "Coming in on a Wing and a Prayer." That could have been conceived as a title or as the theme of the song only by some real event. A ship landed with an engine shot away—the fuselage gutted by fire and the plane riddled with bullets. One of the war correspondents hurried out to the wounded pilot and asked, "How in the world did you bring this ship in . . .?" The pilot shook his head, smiled and replied, "I don't know—ask the Man upstairs."

We who fly are going to get to know that Great Flying Boss in the sky better and better. My personal ambition is that He permit me to go again into combat against the Jap or the Hun; that He help me just a little to shoot down a hundred Jap ships—even a thousand. Then I hope He lets me come back to tell another story. I'm going to name that one—the sequel to this one—GOD IS STILL MY CO-PILOT.

R. L. S.

CHAPTER I

Even the angels in heaven must have shrugged their wings after the few seconds of my first flight. For back home in Macon, Georgia, in 1920, I must have been, even at age twelve, the "vandal" type. There I climbed the steeple of the Baptist Church, and from the belfry took twelve whitish pigeons, carried them to a tent-meeting of Holy Rollers, and at the tense moment of fanatic prayer released them. I can remember nearly splitting my sides laughing at what happened—the darkies were rolling on the sawdust floor. They were rolling their eyes and yelling, "Gideon, Gideon—halleluiah—glory, glory!" I suppose the pigeons really did look like doves of peace.

But I had reckoned without the old preacher, who had me arrested for disturbing the noisy peace. When I got out of jail, more embarrassed than anything else, I swore vengeance on the Holy Rollers and the old preacher. Early one morning while delivering papers I took a razor blade and cut off fifty feet of canvas from the side wall of the converted circus tent—took it away and hid it in the woods.

I had no use for the purloined canvas, and to excuse myself from a nagging conscience I tried to forget it. But every morning I saw the jagged hole that I had made for vengeance. Later on I decided to build a glider, and for wing-covering the canvas was ideal. Then, with the cloth stretched over the ribs of the airfoils and varnished for tightening, even with American insignia painted on the fuselage, I found myself ready to fly. Two of my friends helped me pull it to the roof of a high colonial home in Macon, and with them steadying the wings I ran down the sloping roof and flew out into space. Now in those days I knew nothing of "main-spars," "center sections," or "wing-loading." With a crack like the closing of the jail door, the wing buckled in the center and I crashed sixty-seven feet to the ground. The Cherokee rose bush—that sacred State flower of Georgia into which I fell—probably saved my life, but the thorns stayed with me for a long time.

After my father had pulled me from the wreckage—more scared than hurt—I was ordered to tear the glider apart. I did, but saved the ill-fated canvas for other plans. Later on it was used to cover the barrel-stave ribs of a home-made canoe which was intended to transport me down the Ocmulgee River to the sea, some twelve hundred miles away as the winding river ran. I had made about six hundred miles of the trip when the sailing canoe caught on a snag and the current rolled us to the muddy bottom, tangled in the rope rigging of the sail. In the seconds that followed I nearly drowned—I saw my whole misspent life parade before my eyes. Finally the rope broke and I swam ashore; but I had already decided to leave the sacred canvas, seasoning forever, at the bottom of the Ocmulgee River.

Once again my mind turned to flying. I confined my aircraft construction to scale models, and finally made a flying one which won the first Boy Scout Aviation merit badge in that part of the country. I remember when General Mitchell (Billy Mitchell) led a flight of fast-looking MB-3's through the home town. I crawled into one of the baggage compartments in hopes that I would be flown on to Florida in this dawn-to-dusk flight. But the mechanics found me, and I missed making the pursuit ship any tail-heavier than it normally was.

It was far back, when I was four or five, that I had seen my first airplane. A pilot by the name of Ely spun in and was killed, and my horrified mother dragged me from the scene. It most certainly should have been an ill omen for my flying future. However, I know that it whetted my appetite to fly. I liked anything that flew and freed one from the earth, but most of all I prayed that destiny would make me a pilot of the fast, little single-seaters—a fighter pilot.

In 1921 I read of an auction sale of war-time Jennys in Americus, Georgia. Gathering the largest fortune that I could collect, I drove my cut-down Model-T racing Ford to buy myself a real plane. As the auctioneer's hammer hit the block for the first time that morning I opened with my maximum bid—Seventy-five dollars! The auctioneer did look my way, but the look was merely a frown. Far in the back of the hangar a heavy voice called, "Six hundred dollars." And to this fat man the Jennys went, one by one. I must have bid over a hundred times before the morning had gone —the sale had stopped for lunch and had been resumed.

That afternoon I kept bidding, and as I said "Seventy-five dollars" for about my hundredth time, I heard heavy breathing over my right shoulder. I turned to look at the man who had been overbidding me, and the deep voice said, "Now listen, son, I'm going to let you have this one for your seventy-five dollars. Get it and get the hell out of here, because I'm buying all the rest for an airline." Anyway I had a real plane, all crated up. I hauled it home on a truck, hid it in another boy's garage so my parents couldn't find out about it, and began trying to assemble the parts.

For days and weeks I worked, but couldn't get the knack of it. Finally I received a letter from a street-car conductor who said he had been a pilot in the war. He offered to help me put the Jenny together, and teach me to fly and navigate, if I would give him use of the plane for "barnstorming" over the State on week-ends.

The partnership began. He taught me some fundamentals, like taxying faster and faster until the ship was almost ready to take off. I went to Chandler Field in Atlanta and took several lessons with the instructors there in Eagles and Jennys, until one day I trusted myself to take off from the racetrack of my home-town fairgrounds. I still don't see how I got by with the flight, because I knew nothing about co-ordination of controls or the technique of flying—though no one seemed to know much about them in those days. But the ship was a pretty safe old crate, the wing skids saved me from digging a wingtip in on the forthcoming ground-loops, and I got away with murder.

All of this ended very suddenly. The street-car conductor instructor of mine came back to land one night and hooked the Jenny's right wing on the guy-wire of a smoke-stack. That was the last of him and the last of my Jenny, because they both burned.

As the years went on I moved up in the Boy Scouts until at seventeen, in 1925, I was one of the highest in the country, and had more merit badges than any other Scout in the South. With all of them, however, my schooling had suffered, for to me flying and athletics came before books and such. I sometimes think the only way I ever completed high school was for my patient mother and father to promise to let me work my way to Europe on freighters in the summer only when I could pass studies like Spanish and English. I don't think, though, that my parents knew I had resolved to go to West Point. For after talking to men in the Air Corps I had discovered that if a boy went to the Training center at Brooks Field, near San Antonio, as a Flying Cadet, his future was rather indefinite. The Government would train you to fly, give you the best course in the world. Then they would order you to active duty as a Reserve Officer for about a year. After that, due to economy programs, it might all be over.

Wanting to fly for the rest of my life, I had charted my course. I resolved to go to the Military Academy and become a regular army officer first; then to be ordered to the Air Corps Training Center as a student officer. After completing the flying course, I would have a lifetime in front of me as a pilot in the Regular Army.

The greatest fight I had was to get into the Military Academy, for appointments were scarce in the South. I wrote all the Senators and Congressmen in Georgia, but found they had promised their quotas long before. All such refusals merely made me more determined to win the opportunity. I wrote not only my own State political leaders but those of other States. Finally, the Congressman of my Georgia district—at the earnest plea of home-town friends who knew of my Boy Scout record—gave me second alternate. This proved of little value; the principal won out by merely presenting his high-school credits and passing the physical examination. The next year I was given a first alternate from a Senator but again the principal won.

Hope of entering the Academy seemed to wane, for I was approaching maximum age limit for applicants. The same year I tried a competitive examination with the National Guard, but failed the algebra subject. This failure at least proved to me that though my studies in high school may have been passed, I had learned very little. My stock in myself was at a low ebb, there in 1926, when the high-school principal did me the greatest favor in the world by his remark: "Well, you really didn't expect to go to West Point, did you?" And the smile that accompanied the slur made me swear that by all that was high and holy I would get there.

The things that followed were chronologically peculiar for any boy. I'll bet I'm one of the few in this world who was graduated from high school, attended two colleges, and then returned to high school to really get the foundation I had missed. I know I had at last learned that what one of the old professors said was right: "Not for school, but for life, we learn."

Returning to my old high school, I chose my own courses and subjected myself to several periods of mathematics, history, and English every day. The professors, who remembered me as seldom opening a book, glanced at one another as though they thought they had a psychopathic case on their hands. But I acquired some of the knowledge I had missed, and the next summer—June, 1927—I went to Fort McPherson and enlisted in the Regular Army as a private. There I became Private Scott, Serial Number 6355544, in Company "F" of the 22nd Infantry. Three months later, after a preliminary examination, I began training in the Fourth Corps Area—West Point Prep School.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

JUST WONDERIN'

I wonder, if before you come
To see the noisy lumber mills,
That send the echoes flying now
About our fragrant western hills,
You'll train yourself athletically
Till you are strong and lithe and limber
And well prepared to run like mad,
When fallers yodel, "timber."

The war is making increasingly heavy demands upon the timbermen of this and other lumber producing states, and upon the forest products which are their stock in trade. In order to meet these demands speedily and efficiently, many stands of timber have been cruised and the lumber industry in all of its branches is fast moving into high.

In Nevada, Sierra and other counties of Northern California, the lumber camps and mills have begun operations upon an enlarged scale, and the picturesque sights and sounds of past years are again in evidence.

In this renewed interest in the production of merchantable lumber we, of this section of the state, are witnessing a return to first things, for many of our mining towns were logging camps, some of them years before the discovery of gold forced less spectacular tasks into the background. It will be good to have Paul Bunyan with his seven axemen in the hills once again, to hear the whirr and zing of lumber mills and to know that stands of ripened timber are to be used in the war effort and in the home building and replenishing that will come with the day of peace which we hope may not be far distant.

Yes, we shall find in the expansion of the lumber industry much to remind us of those early days, when,
A noisy little saw mill
By a rippling mountain stream,
Was the first essential adjunct
Of a great state's golden dream.

I wonder if even as the days of gold were ushered in by those first small lumbering enterprises, so now in the day of improved methods of handling and transportation, the setting up of larger logging samps and the erection of more scientifically equipped mills, will foretell a new era of gold and a renewal of the mining industry upon a scale hitherto undreamed of in the most visionary miner's philosophy.

History has a curious way of repeating itself, so let's run when we hear that cry of "timber." Watch out for "window-makers" refrain from fishing in log ponds and in other ways keep ourselves alive and fit, so that we may watch the course of human events take its course in the forests and along the old gold trails.

Uncle Silas says: "I'm all for the freedom of enterprise, but when I hear those singing ads now clogging the air waves, I wonder of the industrialists will ever be able to get along without guardians.—A. Merriam Conner.

Former Grass Valley Man Passes In San Francisco

Relatives of Frank Mitchell, a native of Grass Valley, have learned of his sudden death in San Francisco, due it is believed, to a heart attack.

The deceased was the son of the late Mr. and Mrs. Edward Mitchell and was 55 years of age. Aften spending his youth here, he removed with his family to Oroville where he resided at the time of death. It is understood he was visiting in San Francisco when the end came suddenly.

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IN GLOBAL WAR

Boys Honor Roll—

The Nevada City post office, is honoring employees now in service with an attractive placque on which the names of the men in service are placed. This group of young men are Decourcey T. Eckles ,Ray B. Wilde, Cameron Larsen, Howard Wasley, William R. Hatch, Clement Henwood, Elbridge Skeahan.

Bill Hatch—

Bill Hach, S 2-c, son of Mr. and Mrs. Bill Hatch, is in the Pacific war teratre. He is a gunner on a mine sweeper. He sent word to tell everyone of his friends hello and to write him as letters mean everything now.

William O. Ploof—

Cpl. William O. Ploof, son of Mr. and Mrs. Paul Snyder, is in the U. S. air corps. He has been overseas 18 months and wrote his parents recently stating he had had his first furlough in 14 months and visited Sydney and Melbourne, Australia. Ploof resided here with his parents several years age and was employed in the Omega gravel mine under Theodore Larsen.

Paul J. Snyder—

Paul J. Snyder, son of Mr. and Mrs. Paul Snyder who entered the U. S. army six weeks ago is now in the amphibious training center of Camp Gordon Johnston, Fla. He is a graduate of the local schools and expects to return to Nevada City to live when the war is over. Paul was with his parents in Hawaii when Pearl Harbor was bombed by the Japs. His father was employed in Hickman air field which received as many bombs as the harbor. He and his parents can tell hair raising occurrences of the bombing. Snyder, Sr., is now employed in war work in the bay region.

Bill Kilroy—

Bill Kilroy, with the U. S. air forces at Orlando, Fla., is enjoying a furlough here with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Kilroy. He came by plane to Long Beach arriving late in the evening and thence to San Francisco by auto and on to Sacramento where he was met by his parents, on Wednesday. Bill is in the provost marshal's office.

Harry J. Englebright—

Harry J. Englebright, lieutenant junior grade, and son of Mrs. Grace Englebright of this city, is still with the U. S. fleet in the South Pacific. He writes that he is well and keeps very busy.

Fremont Graham—

A v-mail letter from Pvt. Fremont Graham, son of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Graham of Alexander street, stated he is alright. He now has a New York address and is with the construction engineers.

John Graham—

Cpl. John Graham, son of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Graham of this city, is with the quartermaster's car company and arrived in England in January. He has been in France three weeks according to last news from him.

Clement Henwood—

Clement Henwood wrote his grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. C. Muscardini that he was well and working hard. Portions of some of his letters were cut out by the censors. One of his buddies shot in the ankle on June 10th in France, is recovering at DeWitt Hospital near Auburn. He has located Mr. and Mrs. Muscardini and sent them greetings. As the boy is unable to leave the hospital now they will go to visit him.

Harley M. Leete—

A letter from Lieut. (jg) Harley M. Leete Jr. from an unnamed North Africa port, written August 4th to his parents, Mr. and Mrs. H. M. Leete of this city, leads to the belief that he participated in the invasion of France along the Riveria coast. Lieut. Leete commands a small rocket firing ship. He participated in D-Day June 6th along the Normandy coast, and apparently was transferred along with other naval units to Mediterranean.

LEGION POST TO ERECT GOLD STAR HONOR ROLL

Hague-Thomas-Hegarty Post of the American Legion has begun to compile a gold star honor role of the those whose lives have been sacrificed in the present war, who entered the armed services from Grass Valley and Nevada City.

Relatives of those who have died either in action or in training are asked to hand in their names and other details. The post will place their names on a wooden plaque in the lobby of the Veterans Memorial Building and when the war is over, and metals obtainable, will replace the wooden plaque with permanent bronze. Names may be left with James Oliver, custodian of the building.

Fire Burns Over Acre In North Columbia

Fire crews of the State Division of Forestry under Fire Warden William Sharp and the North Bloomfield ranger station of the Tahoe National Forest battled a bad fire in North Columbia, 17 miles north of Nevada City, Saturday afternoon.

The blaze, believed to have started from a lighted match or cigaret, was under control before it had covered an acre. Local citizens assisted in putting out the flames.

Miss Ruth Rector Weds Harris A. Ray

In the sylvan chapel of the Transfiguration at Lake Tahoe Wednesday afternoon at 4 o'clock, Miss Ruth Rector of this city and Harris A. Ray of San Francisco were married. Rev. Cedric Porter of Trinity Episcopal Church of this city, performed the ceremony.

The bride is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. M. Rector of Nevada street, well known throughout California, as a banker. The bridegroom is the son of the late F. M. Ray, realty dealer of Oakland, and Mrs. Agnes Ray of San Francisco.

Attending the couple were Mrs. John LaRue, sister of the bride, and Sutton Carlson, friend of the bridegroom. Miss Mary Libbey, cousin of the bride played the Lohengrin wedding march. The bride was given in marriage by her father.

Mrs. Ray is a graduate of the Nevada City schools, the University of California and Columbia University. Ray is a San Francisco business man, graduate of the University of California and of Washington and Lee University of Virginia.

Little Jimmie Jackson Scared But Safe

Little Jimmie Jackson, son of Policeman J. Jackson and wife, was one of the most terrified youngsters when he slipped down the steep bank of the Nevada Irrigation District ditch on the Jack Snell property Friday afternoon. With his screams three little children of Mrs. H. A. Dunlap two doors up the street, ran for help. Mrs. E. R. McMath, who is visiting Mrs. Ida Guenther next to the ditch ran out and held yard rake out to Jimmie and he grabbed it and climbed up the steep bank out of waist deep running water. Two soldiers in the Celio property yard came running across the street when they heard the child's cries, but Jimmie had reached the top and was running rapidly toward his home down Boulder street, badly frightened but not injured.

FARM NEWS

PEAR TROUBLES

Pear growers in Nevada County are confronted with an irregularity in pears which hitherto has been generally unimportant. This season, however, the difficulty has spread into new areas and increased measurably in others. Affected pears show a pitting on the surface with a hard brown formation under the skin, accompanied by a flattened cadyz end and a very hard gritty substance at the core.

The Agricultural Extension Service has been at work on the problem during the last four weeks. A survey has been made and the trouble found to be confined to certain soils in Placer and Nevada Counties, for the most part on hill tops or the shallow pieces of soil. Analysis indicates a lack of boron in fruits, bark and leaves. Injection of boric acid into branches of trees in the fall of 1943 at Bowman, Placer County, has prevented the trouble in those branches, whereas the other branches have the diseased fruit. Further study of the problem is necessary before recommendations can be made. H. E. Catlin, county agent in Placer County, is at the moment arranging field trials with cooperating pear growers. Information thus far secured suggests that there be trials of borax applied to the soil in the spring or that trees be sprayed with a borax solution. The problem must be approahed with caution, because too great an application will damage trees.

Growers who have the trouble are requested to report it to the Agricultural Extension Service office, 135 Court Street, Auburn.

HOUSING FARM WORKERS

Placements of agricultural workers made by the Newcastle Farm Labor office totaled 56 for the past week. The number of workers applying for jobs was very much less than the demand, as indicated by orders on hand.

Many farmers have had difficulty in obtaining or keeping farm labor this summer because of their lack of housing facilities, according to Arthur Shultis, extension specialist in farm ganagement of the Agricultural Extension Service. University of California.

Shultis warns that farmers should make plans for housing well in advance of the need.

"Priorities and allocations of critical materials are obtainable for this purpose, though the materials themselves may be difficult to find. This all takes time," he said.

Shultis collaborated with L. W. Neubauer assistant agricultural engineer in the university experiment station and B. C. Rucker assistant state supervisor, farm labor project, agricultural extension service, in preparation of a leaflet giving drawings, costs, and condensed specifications of housing units for farm workers.

LIVESTOCK, FEED ADJUSTMENTS

Adjustments necessary to bring livestock numbers in balance with available feed supplies are outlined for guidance of livestock men by G. B. Alcorn, extension specialist in marketing, and Vard M. Shepard, extension specialist in animal husbandry, agricultural extensian service, university of California.

Details of the suggested program are on file in county agricultural extension offices, but it is summarized as follows:

1 Feed supplies are short in relation to livestock numbers and a readjustment is imperative. Adjustments are the problems of individuals producers.

2 Sheep numbers should be maintained in California.

3 Hogs should be increased only where cheap feeds or by products are available as hog feed ratios will not permit expansion if much feed is purchased.

4 Cattle numbers should be decreased. Old breeding cows should be culled and marketed now. The problem of cattle numbers in relation to grazing capacity on ranges is outlined in the report and is available to stockmen.

They're Lucky To Be Alive!

Here are two of the most enthusiastic guests at the opening of the United Seamen's Service recreation Center in San Francisco, a War Chest supported activity. They are Merchant Seamen Bob Strobel (left), of Mulino[illegible] William Hampton, of San Francisco. They missed death by five minutes in the Port Chicago munition ship explosion.

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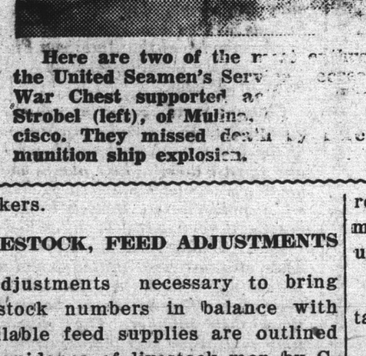

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THAT "ROYALE" FEELING — by Elsie the Borden Cow

Something happens when people discover Borden's Royale.

Maybe it's the feeling of superiority you get right in the first spoonful—the vanilla ice cream is so rich, so smooth—the fruit sherbets are so *true* in flavor.

Fact is—Borden's Royale is the DESSERT OF THE YEAR and if you pick up a quart tonight at your Borden's Ice Cream dealer's—you'll be happy as a king.

Delicious in sodas, sundaes and to carry home

Borden's ROYALE

A blend of vanilla ice cream and fruit sherbets. Offered by your Borden's Ice Cream dealer.

FOR THAT EXTRA ROYALE FEELING BUY WAR BONDS—BUY MORE THAN BEFORE.

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From where I sit ... *by* Joe Marsh

How Different Will be Post-war Homes?

Matt Doorly, our local carpenter, has been showing us architect's drawings of the kind of post-war houses that we're going to live in. Some of them look like squared-off dominoes; some are streamlined like they were going to fly. And they're all filled with fancy things like air-conditioning and what-not.

"Sure change our home life!" Matt says importantly.

"Shucks," says Dan Mason, "it isn't the shape of a house, or the gadgets in it, that make up your home life."

"What is it then?" says Matt.

"It's the little things," says Dan. "The well-worn chair before the fire—and a good book—and a friendly glass of beer after a hard day's work. Little things, that are a part of living."

From where I sit, Dan's absolutely right. And I think the men who dream of home from overseas agree—that it's the small, familiar pleasures, that add up to home.

Joe Marsh

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